In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my ſonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wedneſday next:
But ſoft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wedneſday is too ſoone;
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her
Shee ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haſte?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thurſday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious ſtreakes
Doe lace the ſevering clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountaines tops:
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

It is ſome Meteor that the ſunne exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needeſt not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'n, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia's* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe notes doe beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay than will to goe,
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule? let's talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away;
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Strayning harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nurſ. Madam.

Jul. Nurſe.

Nurſ. Your Lady mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

Jul. Art thou gone ſo love, Lord, ay husband, friend?
I muſt heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes.
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeeres,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.